

A Cantata the Words by M^c Carey Set to Musick

Recit^o by M^r Anthony Young

C172

Bright Teraminta crossd the Grove, attended by a Virgin Train, to meet a

Shepherd of the Plain, whose Wealth had got the upperhand of Love.

Her faithfull Swain whom much she priz'd, she pass'd regardless by,

who thus forsaken and despis'd, did to her seeming scorn reply.

Aria For trusting a Creature inconstant by

Nature. For trusting a Creature, inconstant by Nature, I'm rightly re-

=warded, I'm rightly rewarded for trusting a Creature, inconstant by Nature I'm

rightly rewarded, rewarded, for trusting a Creature, inconstant by Nature, I'm right-

=ly rewarded, rewarded. The more we are faithfull the more

they're ungratefull, the less we're regarded, the less we're regarded. Da Capo

Recit.

But Teraminta left her Train, and caught him in his railing strain,

she turn'd his Torment to a Jest, & thus the Swain his Joy express'd.

Aria

There is no Measure to my Pleas-ure, there is no Measure

to my Pleas-ure, when thou art in my Arms, when thou art in my Arms, there is no,

Measure to my Pleas-ure, when thou art in my Arms, when thou art in my

Arms, when thou art in my Arms, when thou art in my Arms: Encircled

there I laugh at Fear, and Triumph in Arms, Encircled

there I laugh at Fear, and Triumph in Arms. Da Capo